# SALOMÃO ROVEDO

## Poems

# SIGUR ROS

## Images

(Scanned in 2017)

*Sara said ... This is so much ... a torrent of the Human. I can't comment. I think humble silence will be preferable :) A bright 2010 for you!*
*Sunday, 03 January, 2010*

(http://etnografiacircunstancia.blogspot.com)

## *– 01 –*

*Love can never be*
*beautiful like that ...*
Ana Maria Pedreira

Whispering and sobbing,
Love is a mess of pain,
like someone who cuts their wrists.
A piercing of colors,
polychromatic mirage
the most modern technicolor.
Is love faded or is it
intense when you are not
thinking about him
- and everything is fine.
Love is lusty and despotic,
when you are not smoking
- and everything is going well.
Love is lyrical and obscene,
when you are not drinking,
- and it feels good.
Love is fatal and suicidal,
when you don't smell coca
- and everyone, everyone is good.
Love is blue when
spills some blood,
impossible to register.

## *– 02 –*

*And if you want, remember;*
*If you want, forget it.*
Christina Rosseti

Every house has a past.
From the windows you can see the streets.
It is in the streets that life goes by.
Inside the house - dead furniture.
Inside the house - ghosts circling
Inside the house, fiction and dream crumble.

- It's good to stay tuned!

## *– 03 –*

*We were the fragile forgiveness and punishment,*
*a little bit of being man and woman..*
Xenia Antunes

It is close, very close,
the inhuman and human side
of the fairy mystery.
A micro-signal, sublimated,
ignites latent sensations
and the whole being crashes.
Awake to the impasse,
the obstacle of doubts,
immovable issues.
The simple observation that
the rotund endures in us,
- the inexplicable nothing.

***– 04 –***

*It is to arrive and at the same time listen,*
*knowing how to deliver and arrive*
*even though I always have to leave.*
Solange Sileikis

Guide star allows the poet
the magic of distance.
Allows the beloved
this beloved living,
almost always sick
at a distance.
Guide-Star grants Nauta
the gift of being in the desert
and far to see you.
Allows the singer
sip the luminosity
distant billions of light years.
Guide star delivers to the wanderer
the least love, polygamist,
dreamlike, monogamous.
Allows solidarity
forever, forever,
the hope,
alone and distant.
Guide star devoted to Argonaut
the warmth of cosiness:
lest you suffer
the disappointment of coldness.
Allows you to tread your soil
and not the desert
soil from the Moon, from Mars,
of Venus, of Sirius.

***– 05 –***

*A sun that shed blood*
*over the hill ...*
Suzana Vargas

Morning sigh, morning vain, morning
- in smashing suicides.
Day gone, day lost, day broke
- in fluids I am disappointed.
Late orca, burn late, late dead
- in jams, unfortunate.
Dead sun, sun set, dull sun
- in pieces, waste.
Slow, disgusting, gooey night
- between satin sheets ...
Winged dawn, standing dawn
- in hopeless lead.
In the morning I freak out in vain, tomorrow
- in steel bullet suicides.

## *– 06 –*

*I come systematically*
*tearing me apart*
*in the window glass.*
Many Tabacinik

Little more than that: poetry
to cut your wrists without commotion.
A more depressing corner
what a heroine, but who talks about love.
The perfectly disgusted life:
living seems never to end.
In the absence or in existence,
does it matter? Disappointingly.
Is that then loneliness makes

Is that then loneliness makes
all too much post-commotion.
Who is ready to have the heart
party of sadness even more?
Life is a long way
lost between dust and asphalt.
Who will crucify the feeling
- that rotten heart of steel?
When you're forever young
all life is an unfair song.

## *– 07 –*

*El alma vuela y vuela.*
Nicolás Guillén

Take my cold hands and kiss.
My breathless chest strokes.
It fixes my dull watery eyes.
Exhaust me all, break all resistance.
Totally unbalanced in wire suspension.
Deform me with your warm clay hands.
Break my bones, keep them for yourself.
Make a detachable toy.
Bring the sickening glow of your eyes.
Lower my dull eyelids.
Turn off my penultimate Light!

## *– 08 –*

*A sweet song, a kiss enters me*
*and it hurts my heart.*
Claudia Pequeno

They say the heart doesn't hurt.
I imagine it a crazy muscle bundle
powered by blood that waters, pumps,
continuously, wildly, the whole body.
And it hurts. Right now I feel
the lung press it with your bellows
monstrous against something - and that terror
it takes my breath away.
It hurts like I don't even breathe.
I can't even reason with this pain
that prevents you from lying in decubitus:
I sit in the armchair and some comfort
tells me that this position pleases him.
But the heart still hurts and makes me see
the problems, you're communicating to me
the thousand difficulties you have to fulfill
the miraculous function of keeping me alive.
Much like old car engines,
suffering graying to climb uphill
- groan, smoke, shake. And how it hurts,
it seems to pass on a lenient message:
- I'm sick, says whimpering, I'll stop
at any inaccurate time, without warning.
Heart does not kill (they say), death comes
with the end of brain activity. Well then.
What does it matter? My heart surely hurts:
and when tired decide to stop at once,
nor need to give a signal or Notice:
I will also go with him solemnly. Of pain.

## *– 09 –*

*I felt in the urge to open my eyes the fear of find hers.*

Bruna Lombardi

Before the crossing there
had been the good God
give in to me just once
the pleasure of waking up at your side.
Once alone - no more - leave me
exercise the right that time
udder poured over us both.
When the day is still leaden
invade gray shade
your sand skin and come
muddy the target sheets,
one day - no more,
I wanted to wake up next to you,
hearing your snoring warm,
peaceful, lover, sighing dreams.
I wanted to aspire once
of your algae body
the scent of sea water
winter mornings.

## *– 10 –*

*be like this,*
*end to end emptied, quiet,*
*without defeat of love and abandonment.*
Vito Pentagna

Living alone is good. Very good.
As long as you live far from loneliness.
No. Loneliness is not a bad companion.
Solitude alone is good.
It is because of the two cravings
to live: From the young, when
life approaches with
the speed of light.
On the other, for which she
(if not life itself),
it will come apart in the past,
light year of speed.
The world is ending?
Let the world end!
- I am unhappy...
Where is happiness?
Damn happiness!
- I'm on the curve of the ocean ...
Embracing passion,
I don't want to strip myself.
Never. *Lo que pasa es que*
*el mundo está borracho.*

## *– 11 –*

*The controller of the universes*
*gave me the gift of life.*
Márcio Catunda

It's how I want it - I make the world.
That's how I do it - I want it like this:
Here and now, not yesterday,
warm and friend, without tomorrow.
Cold and with the roughness of steel.
The universe is lettuce salad:
Lemon, tomato, onion and crushed garlic.
And a lot of oil, like you do.

## *– 12 –*

*Your absence is an abyss*
*on the edge of which my life looks.*
Márcio Catunda

How many paths your body have?
I want to know in full,
Unravel your mystery,
I want to be your knight.
How many freckles your skin have?
I want to count in Light-Years,
Navigate your space,
Astronavigate among asteroids.
How many cracks your body have?
I want to map canyons,
Returning to that port,
Cove between your legs.

## *– 13 –*

*Sálvenme de una vez*
*O dispárenme un tiro en la nuca.*
*No me gusta mirarme*
*En los espejos salpicados de sangre.*
Nicanor Parra

Yes, nail the wolf claws, in kiss
cinematographic, mutilates my face
and flood your thirsty throat with blood.
Then let the red honey drain
between cold, unsettling lips,
horrendous, mind-boggling, surreal.
But, to achieve external salvation,
my queen, disillusioned demand explanation
about some crazy craziness:
“Why lose the coveted treasure?”
“And make us enjoy the anticipated displeasure?”
“Why have unwanted love?”
“And make us free for the forbidden?”
(They are claims of magicians, voodoo
and shamans that I can't understand).

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The author

Salomão Rovedo (1942), a cultural background in São Luis (MA), lives in Rio de Janeiro, Brasil. Poet, writer, he participated in the poetic / political movements in the 60/70/80s, times of the mimeographer, of the newsstands in Cinelândia, of the demonstrations in theaters, bars, beaches and public spaces. Texts published in: “Abertura Poética”, Anthology by Walmir Ayala & César de Araújo,1975; Tributo (Poetry)-E.A.,1980; 12 Poetas Alternativos, Anthology by Leila Míccolis&Tanussi Cardoso,1981; Chuva Fina, Anthology by Leila Míccolis&Tanussi Cardoso,1982; Folguedos, with woodcuts by Marcelo Soares-1983; Erotica, with woodcuts by Marcelo Soares-1984; 7 Songs-1987, all E.A.

e-books by Salomão Rovedo:

Novels: A Ilha, Chiara, Gardênia ; Contos: A apaixonada de Beethoven, A estrela ambulante , Arte de criar periquitos, O breve reinado das donzelas , O sonhador, Sonja Sonrisal; Essays: 3 x Gullar, Leituras & escrituras, O cometa e os cantadores, Orígenes Lessa personagem de cordel, Poesia de cordel: o poeta é sua essência, Quilombo, um auto de sangue, Viagem em torno de Cervantes; Poetry: 20 Poemas pornos, 4 Quartetos para a amada cidade de São Luis, 6 Rocks matutos, 7 Canções, Amaricanto, Amor a São Luís e Ódio, Anjo pornô, Bluesia, Caderno elementar, Erótica (c/xilogravuras de Marcelo Soares), Espelho de Vênus, Glosas Escabrosas (c/xilogravuras de Marcelo Soares), Mel, Pobres cantares, Porca elegia, Sentimental, Suíte Picassso; Cronicles: Cervantes, Quixote e outras e-crônicas do nosso tempo, Diários do facebook (I-II-III-IV), Escritos mofados; Antology: Cancioneiro de Upsala (Translation & notes), Meu caderno de Sylvia Plath (Poetry&Notes), Os sonetos de Abgar Renault (Antology&Essay), Stefan Zweig-Pensamentos e perfis (Seletion&Essay).e-books by Sá de João Pessoa: Anthology of Cordel #1, #2, #3 & #4, Macunaíma in cordel, Where was the cordel ?. Cordel leaflets with the pseudo Sá de João Pessoa; little poetry newspaper Poe/r/ta; sparse collaboration: Guest Poem (USA), La Bicicleta (Chile), Poetica (Uruguay), Alén (Spain), Jaque (Spain), Ajedrez 2000 (Spain), O Imparcial (MA), Jornal do Dia (MA), Newspaper do Povo (MA), Jornal Pequeno (MA), A Toca do (Meu) Poet (PB), Debate Journal (RJ), Opinion (RJ), O Galo (RN), Jornal do País (RJ), DO Reading (SP), Diário de Corumbá (MS) - and other stray sheep. The e-books are available at: www.dominiopublico.gov.br. End: Rua Basílio de Brito, 28/605-Cachambi - CEP 20785-000-Rio de Janeiro, Brazil - Tel: +55 (21) 2201-2604

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